

# The BLACK BOX

by E. Phillips Oppenheim  
SEE MOTION PICTURES OF THIS SERIAL NOW SHOWING AT THE PALACE THEATRE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JULY 2nd & 3rd

### SYNOPSIS.

In her apartment at the Leland Villa, daughter of Lord Ashleigh, is murdered and the Ashleigh diamond necklace stolen. The New York police place the case in the hands of Sanford Quest, known and feared as the master criminologist of the world. He takes Lenora, Ella's maid, to his own apartments and through hypnosis and the use of electro-telepathic appliances discovers her connection with the crime, recovers the diamonds and arrests the murderer, Macdougall, Lenora's husband, though nearly trepanned to his death in a tough tenement house while engaged in the work.

### SECOND INSTALLMENT.

#### "THE HIDDEN HANDS."

#### CHAPTER VI.

Sanford Quest and Lenora stood side by side upon the steps of the courthouse, waiting for the automobile, which had become momentarily entangled in a string of vehicles. A little crowd of people were elbowing their way out on to the sidewalk. The faces of most of them were still shadowed by the three hours of tense drama from which they had just emerged. Quest, who had lit a cigar, watched them curiously.

"No need to go into court," he remarked. "I could have told you, from the look of these people, that Macdougall had escaped the death sentence. They have paid their money—or rather their time, and they have been cheated of the one supreme thrill."

"Imprisonment for life seems terrible enough," Lenora whispered, shuddering.

"Can't see the sense of keeping such a man alive myself," Quest declared, with purposeful brutality. "It was a cruel murder, fiendishly committed."

"I am very proud to make your acquaintance again, professor," Quest said. "Glad to know, too, that you hadn't forgotten me."

"My dear sir," the professor declared, as he released the other's hand with seeming reluctance. "I have thought about you many times. Your doings have always been of interest to me."

"I am sorry," Quest remarked, "that our first meeting here should be under such distressing circumstances!"

"Of your what?" Quest inquired dubiously.

"Of my anthropoid ape which I have just sent to the museum. You know my claim? But perhaps you would prefer to postpone your final decision until after you have examined the skeleton itself."

automobile. The professor repeated his brother. They entered the taxicab and were driven almost in silence to the professor's home—a large, rambling old house, situated in somewhat extensive but ill-kept grounds on the outskirts of New York. The Englishman glanced around him, as they passed up the drive, with an expression of disapproval.

"A more untidy looking place than yours, Edgar, I never saw," he declared. "Your grounds have become a jungle. Don't you keep any gardeners?"

"I keep other things," he said serenely. "There is something in my garden which would terrify your nice Scotch gardeners into fits if they found their way here to do a little tidying up. Come into the library and I'll give you one of my choice cigars. Here's Craig waiting to let us in. Any news, Craig?"

"Nothing has happened, sir," he replied. "The telephone is ringing in the study now, though."

"I will answer it myself," the professor declared, bustling off.

The professor took up the receiver from the telephone. His "Hello!" was mild and inquiring. He had no doubt that the call was from some admiring disciple. The change in his face as he listened, however, was amazing.

"George," he gasped, "the greatest tragedy in the world has happened! My ape is stolen!"

His brother looked at him blankly. "Your ape is stolen?" he repeated.

"The skeleton of my anthropoid ape," the professor continued, his voice growing alike in sadness and firmness. "It is the curator of the museum who is speaking. They have just opened the box. It has lain for two days in an anteroom. Is it empty?"

Lord Ashleigh muttered something a skeleton scarcely appeared to his unscientific mind to be a realizable thing. The professor turned back to the telephone.

"Mr. Francis," he said, "I cannot talk to you. I can say nothing. I shall come to you at once. I am on the point of starting. Your news has overwhelmed me."

He laid down the receiver. He looked around him like a man in a nightmare.

note," the curator proceeded, "I gave orders that your case should be placed here that I myself should enjoy the distinction of opening it. An hour ago I commenced the task. That is what I found."

The professor gazed blankly at the empty box.

"Nothing left except the smell," a voice from the open doorway remarked.

They glanced around. Quest was standing there, and behind him Lenora. The professor welcomed them eagerly.

"This is Mr. Quest, the great criminologist," he explained to the curator. Quest strolled thoughtfully around the room, glancing out of each of the windows in turn. He kept close to the wall, and when he had finished he drew out a magnifying glass from his pocket and made a brief examination of the box. Then he asked a few questions of the curator, pointed out one of the windows to Lenora and whispered a few directions to her.

She at once produced what seemed to be a foot rule from the bag which she was carrying, and hurried into the garden.

"A little invention of my own for measuring footprints," Quest explained. "Not much use here, I am afraid."

Quest stood over the box for a moment or two and looked once more out of the window. Presently Lenora returned. She carried in her hand a small object, which she brought silently to Quest. He glanced at it in perplexity. The professor peered over his shoulder.

"It is the little finger!" he cried—"the little finger of my ape!"

Quest held it away from him critically. "From which hand?" he asked.

"The right hand," he answered.

Quest examined the fastenings of the window before which he paused during his previous examination. He turned away with a shrug of the shoulders.

"See you later, Mr. Ashleigh," he concluded laconically.

A newsboy thrust a paper at them. Quest glanced at the headlines. Lenora clutched at his arm. Together they read it in great black type:

ESCAPE OF CONVICTED PRISONER!



"Stolen!" Mrs. Rheinholdt shrieked, "Stolen! That you, Craig!"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "There is a fatalism, so I ventured to bring your mackintosh."

"Very thoughtful," the professor murmured approvingly. "I have a weakness," he went on, turning to his hostess, "for always walking home after an evening like this. In the daytime I am content to ride. At night I love the fancy-ways to walk."

"We don't walk half enough," Mrs. Rheinholdt sighed, glancing down at her somewhat portly figure. "Dixon," she added, turning to the footman who had admitted Craig, "take Professor Ashleigh's servant into the kitchen and see that he has something before he leaves for home. Now, professor, if you will come this way."

They reached a little room in the far corner of the house. Mrs. Rheinholdt apologized as she switched on the electric lights.

"It is a queer little place to bring you to," she said, "but my husband used to spend many hours here, and he would never allow anything to be moved. You see, the specimens are in these cases."

The professor nodded. His general attitude toward the forthcoming exhibition was merely one of politeness.

As the first case opened, however, his manner completely changed. Without taking the slightest further notice of his hostess, he adjusted a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and commenced to mumble eagerly to himself. Mrs. Rheinholdt, who did not understand a word, strolled around the apartment, yawning and finally interrupted a little stream of eulogies, not a word of which she understood, concerning a green beetle with yellow spots.

"I am so glad you are interested, professor," she said, "if you don't mind, I will retain my guests. You will find a shorter way back if you keep along the passage straight ahead and come through the conservatory."

"Certainly! With pleasure!" the professor agreed, without glancing up. Mrs. Rheinholdt's reception, notwithstanding the temporary absence of its presiding spirit, was without doubt an unqualified success. In one of the distant rooms the younger people were dancing. Philip Rheinholdt, with a pretty young debutante upon his arm, came out from the dancing room and looked around amongst the little knots of people.

"I wonder where mother is?" he remarked. "She told me—"

"Stolen There in the Conservatory!" was still standing up. The next instant he was sitting on the floor, his hands shaking and running here and there as he sought for his mackintosh.

"I saw no one!" her son asked incredulously. "You heard nothing?"

"I heard no footsteps, I saw no one," Mrs. Rheinholdt repeated. The professor turned away.

"If you will allow me," he begged, "I am going to telephone to my friend, Mr. Sanford Quest, the criminologist. An affair so unusual as this might attract him. You will excuse me?"

The professor met the great criminologist and his assistant in the hall upon their arrival. He took the former at once by the arm.

"Mr. Quest," he began, "in a sense I must apologize for my peremptory message. I am well aware that an ordinary jewel robbery does not interest me, but in this case the circumstances are extraordinary. I ventured, therefore, to summon your aid."

Sanford Quest nodded shortly. "As a rule," he said, "I do not care to take up one affair until I have a clean slate. There's your skeleton still bothering me, professor. However, where's the lady who was robbed?"

"I will take you to her," the professor replied.

Mrs. Rheinholdt's story, by frequent repetition, had become a little more coherent, a trifle more circumstantial, the perfection of simplicity and utterly incomprehensible. Quest listened to it without remark and finally made his way to the conservatory. He requested Mrs. Rheinholdt to walk with him through the door by which she had entered and stop at the precise spot where the assault had been made upon her.

There were one or two plants knocked down from the tiers on the right-hand side, and some disturbance in the mold where some large palms were growing. Quest and Lenora together made a close investigation of the spot. Afterwards, Quest walked several times to each of the doors leading into the gardens.

"There are four entrances altogether," he remarked, as he lit a cigar and glanced around the place. "Two lead into the garden—one is locked and the other isn't—one connects with the back of the house—the one through which you came. Mrs. Rheinholdt, and the other leads into your reception room, into which you passed after the assault. I shall now be glad if you will permit me to examine the gardens outside for a few minutes, alone with my assistant, if you please."

cure for me the simplest specimens of insect life. Apart from this, he is a man of some property, which he has no idea what to do with. He is, I think I may say, too devoted to me to dream of ever leaving my services to you. You think it would be out of the question, then," Quest asked, "to associate him with the crime?"

The professor's confidence was sublime.

"I could more readily associate you, myself, or young Mr. Rheinholdt here with the affair," he declared.

His words carried weight. The little breath of suspicion against the professor's servant faded away. In a moment or two the butler returned.

"It appears, madam," he announced, "that Mr. Craig left when there was only one person in the kitchen. He said good-night and closed the door behind him. It is impossible to say, therefore, by which exit he left the house, but personally I am convinced that, knowing of the receipt here to-night, he would not think of using the conservatory."

"Most unlikely, I should say," the professor murmured. "Craig is a very shy man. He is at all times at your disposal. Mr. Quest, if you should desire to question him."

Quest nodded absently.

"My assistant and I," he announced, "would be glad to make a further examination of the conservatory, if you will kindly leave us alone."

They obeyed without demur. Quest took a seat and smoked calmly, with his eyes fixed upon the roof. Lenora went back to her examination of the overturned plants, the mold and the whole ground within the immediate environs of the assault. She abandoned the search at last, however, and came back to Quest's side. He threw away his cigar and rose.

"Nothing there?" he asked laconically.

"Not a thing," Lenora admitted.

Quest led the way toward the door.

"Lenora," he decided, "we've a hand at work somewhere."

"No theories yet, Mr. Quest?" she asked, smiling.

## THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

"Fruit-a-lives" Cleans, Purifies, Enriches

Fruit juice is Nature's own remedy. "FRUIT-A-LIVES," the famous fruit medicine, keeps the blood pure and rich because it keeps the whole system free of impurities.

"Fruit-a-lives" improves the Skin Action; enables the stomach to digest food properly; makes the bowels move regularly; and relieves the strain on the Kidneys.

By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-lives" rids the system of all waste matter and thus insures a pure blood supply.

50c. a box, 6 for 2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

### DRIPPING, TIRED, WEARY. TRY THIS REMEDY!

Don't give in to that depressed, played out, don't-care sort of feeling. Better days are ahead. Cheer up, do as the others follow in doing, tone and strengthen your blood, and you'll feel like new again.

Along the rain-swept causeway of Mayton avenue, keeping close to the shelter of the house, his mackintosh turned up to his ears, his hands buried in his pockets, a man walked swiftly and looked around him. His manner was cautious, almost furtive.

Step inside, brother," he invited earnestly, almost eagerly, notwithstanding his monotonous nasal twang. "Step inside and find peace. Step inside and the Lord will help you. Throw your burden away on the threshold."

The man's first impulse at being addressed had seemed to be one of terror. Then he recognized the uniform and hesitated. The man took him by the arm and led him in. There were the best part of a hundred people taking their places after the singing of the hymn.

I desire to thank the ladies and friends of S. S. No. 7, Thurlow, for their presence and kind appreciation of the work of the school at the Public Examination on the 17th. Also to Miss Fargy and Miss Ross the visiting teachers who attended, and a number of their pupils thus adding to the interest for all parties.

My only regrets are, that many of the gentlemen were too busy to attend and that the time was too short to take up more of the school work.

Respectfully, E. B. Howard.

Received Holy Habit  
On Monday morning in the chapel at the House of Providence, Kingston, the solemn ceremonies of profession and reception were held. The most Rev. Archbishop Spratt officiating, assisted by Rev. R. T. Halligan and Rev. J. E. McNeil.

## ESTABLISHED NEW A

Says Rotten Smashing Having M Losses at Southern

400,000 GE  
LONDON, J  
hundred thous  
the next few da

ITALIANS  
ROME, July  
works at Gorizi  
from all sides by

HOLT HA  
NEW YORK  
assault of J. P.  
the detectives h  
aboard a steam  
since June 29 h  
sion

CHICAGO,  
Muentner, the m  
who was suspect  
here by Prof. Ch

GERMANS C  
BERLIN, J  
transport near t  
ing according to

AUSTRIA HAS  
VIENNA, Ju  
denial that Aust  
try for peace. T  
quence of the r  
with Serbia.

TURK  
ATHENS, J  
both on land an  
nople advices to

AUSTRIANS  
LONDON, J  
has been inflict  
southern Russia  
one of the most  
Vienna on a de  
suffered a defeat

GERMANY FE  
WASHINGTON  
mum concession  
warfare to meet  
be the main purp  
the Berlin Forei

UNMANAGAB  
AMSTERDA  
agable because of  
ing on a farm h  
today.

LONDON, J  
have arrived her  
ON M

ROME, July  
British Legation  
a diplomatic mis  
Sofia, Belgrade a

SHIFT S  
NEW YORK  
to carry her sub  
to a reserve offic  
provides for the  
dian coast, with  
and Quebec for E



Measuring the Footprints

or two chairs. In the middle of the uncarpeted floor was a long wooden box from which the lid had just been pried.

"Saturday, as you know from my



"Confess Your Sins."

of an infinite desire flashed in his eyes. Then he dropped his head. These things might be for others. For him there was no hope. He shook his head to the girl, but sank into the nearest seat and on to his knees.

"He repeats!" the girl called out. "Some day he will come! Brothers and sisters, we will pray for him."